

## You're Killing Me, Maybe

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## You're Killing Me, Maybe

by [sapnap](#)

### Summary

George and Clay don't share a room, they don't even share a building, but they still love each other just the same. They make it work.

### Notes

hi im a sucker for Soft Things and Stupid Banter so that's what this is. also i could NOT stop thinking about "dream" being a pet name that only george uses..... snzzz

title is from "[villain](#)" by [stella jang](#)

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I’m coming over.”

“For some reason that I can’t think of right now, I feel like that’s a bad idea.”

“You can’t think of the reason because there isn’t one, idiot.” Clay smiled into his phone. Sure, it was four in the morning, but what better time is there to pay your best friend a visit?

“No, Clay, I’m serious,” George started, trying to stifle his chuckles, “You’re going to get mugged or something, for sure. Criminals are out at this hour.”

“Yes, George, I’m sure there are criminals out at this hour” The younger sighed, mocking his friend. “But something’s telling me that I’m not gonna just bump into one on the two minute stroll from my building to yours.”

There was a slight moment of hesitation. “Fine. Do whatever you want.”

“Okayy George, I’m hanging up the phone now.”

“Bye.”

His friend’s tone had turned cold toward the end of their chat, but Clay knew better. He wasn’t actually upset or irritated with him, moreso just annoyed he didn’t get his way. But knowing George, there was no way the annoyance would last more than a minute. Clay imagined that as soon as he hung up, George probably threw his phone onto his bed and did a little happy dance at the thought of seeing the other. There’s a chance Clay might’ve done the same in the past.

There was really no reason not to go to George’s, anyway. Clay had no classes tomorrow, no tests to study for, and he was caught up on all his editing. He set his phone down, slid his legs off the side of the bed and stood up, looking around for his wallet and anything else he might need to bring.

He didn’t really want to think about work, so he decided to leave his laptop on the desk. It was finally warm outside, so he didn’t really need his hoodie, either. He slid his wallet into his back pocket and headed for the door, before abruptly stopping himself and turning around. He was forgetting something.

Clay returned to his bed and picked up his phone. Four texts from George showed on the lock screen. And then five. He slid the phone into his other pocket, grabbed his hoodie, and headed out the door.

Clay contemplated the unread texts. He figured it was just George asking him to pick up something from 7-11 on the way there. So much for not getting mugged. If there’s any place on campus to get mugged, it’s the 7-11. So, Clay elected to continue ignoring the texts, for now. At least he’d have plausible deniability for the two-minute walk.

Clay arrived at George’s building, and relied on his sense of familiarity to guide him. He wasn’t sure exactly which room, numerically, was George’s, but he’d been there so many times that it really didn’t matter. He knew what it looked like.

Once at the door to George's room Clay knocked. When there was no response, he knocked again.

"What the hell." He cursed to himself. In a blink, every worst case scenario came to his mind. He's been kidnapped. He's dead. Those five messages were a final plea for help. Clay frantically fished his phone out from his pants pocket with shaky hands, and to any outsider it would've looked like his life depended on checking these texts. In this instant of panic, to Clay, it did.

George [Today at 3:49 AM]  
but what if u get here and i'm sleeping?

George [Today at 3:49 AM]  
u better hurry ur butt over here im so tired

George [Today at 3:49 AM]  
dreammm

George [Today at 3:49 AM]  
imso sleepyuy dream

George [Today at 3:50 Am]  
\*\*sleepy

Clay let out an audible sigh of relief. He slid his phone back into his pocket as he let his weight fall onto the door, leaning against it. He briefly wondered why he even bothered knocking in the first place, instead of just letting himself in like usual. Maybe it was the fact that there was nobody else plainly awake, or maybe he was just trying to be polite. The door probably wasn't even locked to begin with.

Clay turned around and tried the handle. Sure enough, the door swung right open, revealing the silhouette of a groggy George sitting up in his bed in the darkness.

"Was that you?" The sleepy older boy mumbled, flattening out his mussed up hair.

"Wh- was what me? Me opening the door and standing here? Yes, that was me, George."

"No, no," George began to chuckle. "I mean, it sounded like you body-slammed the door a few seconds ago. It woke me up."

"Oh, that?" Clay let out a wheeze. "I thought you, like, died or something. You didn't answer when I knocked."

"You knocked? Why?"

"Well, I don't know." Now, Clay was just blushing. "I just knocked, stop being stupid." He walked over to the bed and sat beside George's legs that were under his blankets. "So? What do you want to do?"

George's face twisted into an expression of thought. The two sat in a comfortable, contemplative silence for a brief moment.

"Honestly, and don't hate me for this," The older started, giving Clay a wary look, "I kind of just want to go back to sleep."

"What, I just got here and you're already kicking me out?"

“Well,” George met the younger’s eyes. “You could stay. If you wanted to.”

The two were silent for a beat, mulling it over.

“George,” Clay drawled. “Are you asking me to... stay the night?” Clay waggled his eyebrows suggestively, leaning into his friend’s personal space.

“God, dream, you know what? I changed my mind. Leave.” He shoved Clay back away from him.

George was the one blushing now, though very soon he was joined by his friend.

“Hey! I told you not to call me that nickname, you idiot.” Clay reached over George to grab his pillow, lifting it up and preparing to smack his friend in the face with it, when George snatched it from his hands.

“Why not? I know you like it, dream.” George winked, and launched the pillow full-force at the younger.

Clay had to hold back his laughter in fear of waking up the entire building. “I just- I don’t know, man. It’s embarrassing!”

“What, embarrassing how it makes you all flustered and unable to form a coherent sentence?”

Clay was astounded at the sheer audacity of his friend to say such an unspeakable thing. He was amazed George would even insinuate that he was flustered by the pet name. It was completely unbelievable. And maybe a little true.

“I can’t believe you just said that, George.”

“Why, because it’s true?”

Clay stood up, grabbing his sweatshirt and puffing his chest out. “That’s it. I’m going back to my room. Goodnight, George.” He turned around and took a step towards the door.

“No, wait,” George was laughing now. “Come here, Clay,” The older scooted closer to the wall, throwing the corner of the comforter back so Clay could climb in next to him.

“What, decided to come crawling back to me?” Clay said, draping his sweatshirt over the bed frame, returning to the older and slotting himself into the bed.

“No, actually, I think you’re technically the one crawling back to me here.” George snickered.

“And besides, I just think that it’s more efficient to sleep here, instead of wasting the extra time just to walk back to your place and do the exact same thing there.” George explained, slotting his head underneath the chin of his taller friend.

“Efficient, huh.” Clay parroted, throwing an arm over his friend’s slim waist, pulling him into a warm embrace.

“Mhm.” The older boy was already falling asleep again.

“I think you just want me here to act as a human shield from those muggers.” The younger looked down at his friend’s peaceful form. The two seemed to click perfectly together.

“I think you should shut up.”

“I think I’ll do that.”

“Good.”

“Goodnight, George.”

“Goodnight, dream.”

#### Chapter End Notes

whenever someone says my name in casual conversation it always feels SO intimate but george and dream literally do it ALL THE DAMN TIME in their videos it literally blows me away. that is mainly what inspired this.

this was meant to be a oneshot but i can see myself continuing it if enough people want me to!

comment any thoughts!!

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Clay feels bad. George will not allow this.

### Chapter Notes

this chapter is based on george's hardcore live where they speedrun! and more specifically, [this tweet from dream about it](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The stream had just ended, and Clay and George were still in a call together. They sat in a comfortable silence for a few moments.

Clay thought the stream had gone very well. It was George's first time attempting a legitimate speedrun, and, considering the circumstances, it had started off pretty well. Chat wasn't being super weird the whole time, and he had tried his best to explain the plan to George before they started. There was just one thing digging a hole in the back corner of Clay's brain.

"Hey, George?"

The older started at the sudden voice, but didn't mention it. "Yeah?"

Clay didn't answer, right away. He knew he wanted to say something, but he wasn't sure how to word it. He already felt weird about it, there was no need to make the situation-

"Clay? Is your mic muted?"

"No, no, sorry." Clay snickered. "I just wanted to ask, like, something. I don't even know."

"Oh, my god, Clay. Spit it out." The older was being playfully impatient, but it stung just a little this time.

"I'm sorry if I was too... intense? Or something, today. I realized I was kind of pushing it a lot." Clay's ears were burning.

"Wha- Pushing it?" George laughed. "It's minecraft! You know I don't take anything that happens in-game seriously, Clay."

"No, I know, I just hope I didn't put you in an uncomfortable situation. I was kind of spewing information at you for, like, a minute straight. I..." Both were silent for a beat. "I yelled at you, George. Like, I actually yelled at you. I feel horrible about that. I'm just sorry."

George began to realize the weight of this conversation. He had thought the younger was just joking around at first, but now he saw that he actually felt bad. Oh god, Clay felt bad.

“Oh my god, Clay, I promise you I didn’t even think about it! I know you’re just a tryhard when it comes to speedrunning.” George was frantic in trying to make his friend feel better. Sure, they drag on each other in streams and videos, but he had no desire for it to carry into real feelings. “I know you were just getting into it, and I’m a noob at speedrunning. I’m not at your level, yet, and you were trying to get me there.”

“I know, I know.” Clay let out a heavy sigh. “I still shouldn’t have yelled. Only shitty people yell at their friends.”

Now, this was getting funny. “Clay, I genuinely cannot believe that you’re saying this right now.” The younger was the nicest person George had ever met. “Like, seriously. If you’re a shitty person then what the hell am I?” George giggled. “Am I the dirt beneath your feet? No, wait, I’d be the dirt they cover up coffins with, or something. Seriously, you’re the least shitty. Of anyone.”

“Well-”

“No, I’m not done.” George wasn’t going to rest until whatever was bothering his friend was gone for good. “Maybe you did yell at me. Maybe you flexed your speedrunning skills on me a little, so what? You were also insanely supportive the entire stream. I was playing like I downloaded the game two days ago, and the whole time you were praising me for doing absolutely nothing. You’re really bad for my ego, if anything, Clay.”

Clay was glad they were only on a voice call. There’s no telling how much George would be making fun of him for the raging blush he’s sporting. “Yeah, yeah. I still feel bad though,” Clay let his words drift off. “I just hope I didn’t make you feel, I don’t know, stupid? Something like that?”

“We call each other idiots every day, Clay. It’s just us. I’m never gonna be really offended by anything you do. And if you do cross a line, I’ll tell you, okay?” Both boys smiled into the silence. “Besides, if anything, you’re the stupid one.”

Clay laughed. “Why am I the stupid one?”

“You just are.” George chuckled back. “Oh, and you left your sweatshirt at my room yesterday when you spent the night, stupid.”

Clay was really laughing now. He sounded like he was having some sort of asthmatic episode. “No, no, George, now I *know* you’re the stupid one. It’s basically confirmed.”

“And why’s that?” George was confused.

“You think I left that sweatshirt there on accident, George.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, my god,” Clay was laughing again. “I left it there for you, stupid!”

George took a moment to think. Now, what could the reason be behind this? Isn’t that something only couples do? Did Clay think the two of them were something more than friends? It didn’t make sense, they’ve never talked about anything like that-

“Hey, Stupid, I can hear your thoughts through the phone.” Could he really? “No. Stop overthinking this. I know you’re, like, able to fit in my sweatshirts, and I figured we’ve been friends long enough to the point that it’s not weird. So I gave it to you. Also, I think it’s pretty much common knowledge that everyone on planet earth enjoys stealing their friends’ clothes.”

George chuckled. "I don't know how true that is, Clay."

"Oh, it's 100% true. Even me, I would've taken one of yours by now if you owned anything above the size of a Youth Medium."

"Hey, I'm not that small!"

"Might as well be. Do you know how many times I've had to walk all the way back to my place from yours to get pajama pants, George? It's terrible. I think I'm just gonna start keeping a pair of mine in your drawer." Clay had a point.

"Fine. I'm small. Is that what you wanted to hear? Are you satisfied now?" No, George wasn't blushing. Totally not.

"Yes, actually." The smugness in the younger's voice was oozing through the speakers. "Now, I want you to go get that sweatshirt, put it on, send me a picture, and tell me it's not better than your own sweatshirt, okay?"

"Okay, *mom*." George nudged. "Bye, dream."

"Bye, George."

George shut down his computer and stared at its black screen. He let his chair swivel around to face the rest of his room, eyes landing on the red hoodie that Clay had left there after their last sleepover. He rolled his eyes. There's no way wearing it would be any different than wearing his own sweatshirt, right?

Suddenly, George found himself pulling the sweatshirt over his head. Immediately, he could hear Clay in the back of his mind, the *I told you so* he knows is coming. It was big, it was lived in, it smelled like him, and it was *big*. George let his arms fall down to his sides and looked at his hands. The sleeves hung a good few inches below his fingers, his limbs completely engulfed by the garment. It was heaven.

George's whole face was colored pink. How could he send Clay a picture with him looking like this?

#### Chapter End Notes

im sorry the perspective is all over the place during this lmaoo, i actually made an outline for this chapter but you CANNOT tell <3

anyway dream is 6'2 and george is what 5'8 or 5'9?? i had to do something with that probably will be continuing this! comment all ur thoughts :D

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

The hangout goes a little differently than expected.

### Chapter Notes

angst ahoy! but not really, they just hav kind of an argument with a misunderstanding.

this chapter was based heavily on my emotions surrounding that tweet from harvey (tapl) in his feels a couple days ago, he deleted it but it was basically just him talking abt how he wishes he had "a bf to cuddle with or smthn" during quarantine. bi legend

also time is fake in this au

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Are you coming over?”

“I’m literally walking to your place right now, oh my god,” The sound of the campus city buzzed around him, but Clay only stared down at the ground as he talked to his friend. “You’re so impatient, George.”

“Oh, well excuse me for being interested in what you’re doing.” George spat through his phone speaker. “I’ll never do it again. I hate you.”

The sound of the iPhone dial tone would have really worried Clay, if he wasn’t so used to George hanging up on him. This is just how they were. If it were anyone else, he’d call them back immediately, or text to make sure they’re okay, but this was George. He continued walking across the campus.

He used the rest of the trip’s length to admire how nice it was being outside when there was still plenty of daylight. Sure, being nocturnal has its perks, but to see an old construction worker asleep on the job with a styrofoam coffee cup balanced on his thigh is a privilege available only to those who can bring themselves to wake up at a normal, human hour. Clay, after a brief moment of contemplation, decided maybe being nocturnal wasn’t so bad.

When he had finally arrived at George’s door, he was about to knock when he received a text. He pulled his phone out from his back pocket.

George [Today at 3:32 PM]  
you’re still coming over right?

Dream let out a laugh at the text and opened his friend’s unlocked door. “You’re still an idiot, right?”

George, obviously not expecting this, jumped at his friend’s voice. He quickly swiveled around in

his chair and let out a yelp. “Don’t *do* that, Clay.” Clay only laughed at him in response. “No, I’m serious.” George’s statement was disproven slightly by the fact that he had also begun to laugh in the middle of it.

He turned back around in his chair and resumed typing away at whatever he had been doing pre-interruption. Clay let his body fall gracelessly to his friend’s twin bed and scrolled through twitter, and the two sat in a comfortable silence for a few beats.

Dream scrolled past a piece of fanart that reminded him of something he had been meaning to ask George.

“Hey, how come you didn’t want to join Sapnap’s stream the other day?”

George bristled. He *also* wasn’t expecting that one.

“I… don’t know.” He paused. “Just didn’t feel like it, I guess.”

Clay gaped at his response, offering a disbelieving scoff in return. “No, no, no, George. I’ve known you for years and I *know* there is more to whatever you just said.”

George had been caught red-handed. Of course he had, though. Really, there was no hope for him in lying to Clay, for the same reason that Clay couldn’t get away with lying to him; they knew each other far too well. He slowly swiveled his desk chair back around to face his friend.

“Well, alright,” It took a moment for the older to collect his thoughts. “It was just you and Nick for a while, and I was thinking about maybe joining, but then…” George couldn’t meet his friend’s eyes, almost ashamed of what he was saying. “Then Harvey joined, and I just, I don’t know…” George gulped at the lack of response from his friend. “I just couldn’t.”

The two met eyes and Clay furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. “So, what, you’re scared of our nineteen-year-old minecraft youtuber friend?”

George smacked his palm to his forehead. “No! No, it’s not that, it’s just…” He leaned back and stared longingly out the window. “Have you seen what he puts on twitter?”

Clay’s confused expression had not faltered once since its formation. “What are you even talking about?”

“Like, back in January! And again for the start of Pride month, and the other day when he was talking about how he wants a boyfriend-”

“So, what, you *don’t like him* just because he *likes guys*?” Clay was yelling now. “What’s your problem?”

George let out an exasperated noise and stood up, pushing his chair back with the force of it. He raised his voice in response as well. “No! It’s not that I don’t like him, it’s…”

“It’s what? It’s what, George?”

“It’s that I’m *jealous*!”

The two stared at each other, George’s face fully aflame as he caught his breath. Neither of them were expecting this get-together to go like this.

“Oh.”

“Yeah, *oh*.” The older mocked. George pulled his chair back into position and dropped himself into it, staring towards his friend’s feet.

“So, are you, like-”

“*Yes*, oh my god, dream, have you not gotten that through your stupid brain already?”

Clay plopped down onto the bed. He understood that George was too heated after their back-and-forth to have any sort of constructive conversation with at the moment, so he let the tension diffuse with a few moments of silence. He swung his legs up onto the bed and crossed his arms over his chest.

After what seemed like enough time had passed, probably a few minutes, he pulled out his phone.

George, on the other hand, was nowhere near as relaxed as his younger friend. This was not how he expected his first coming-out to go. He leaned his elbows onto his desk and rested his head in his palms, wondering how he could repair the energy in the room enough to have a normal conversation with Clay, again.

After a few minutes had passed, his phone buzzed.

Dream [Today at 3:46 PM]  
me too :)

#### Chapter End Notes

sooo ive decided to add some plot >:0. also i cant NOT include harvey in this story bc i love him sm

should i make tapsap an endgame relationship in this too lmao?? they were kinda cute on stream the other day ngl.

leave your thoughts in a comment :D

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!